

Social and Personal.

When woman talks of woman, then we see her at her worst. Not the second, who is talked of, but the most loquacious of woman, there is trouble in the air, uncertain in its details, but you may be sure it's there.

When man would talk of woman, or, indeed, of other men.

Why something that is tangible will find expression then. He must not like the person, but he lacks the art to say a harmless thing that has a sting when said a certain way.

"Of course you've tried her cooking," with a quiet little sniff. As if of something dreadful one had just obtained a whiff.

"You saw her with young Barker at the dance the other night?"

The tone alone would indicate it was a shameful sight.

"She's always changing servants, and I wonder why they leave." A meaning shrug of shoulders that must make the angels grieve.

The manners of her children—have you noticed what they are?"

The thought expressed unspoken would do credit to a star.

"However, this is nothing to the exclamation heard."

When of the neighbor's husband one may chance to say a word.

It gives the chance she's seeking and accords well with her plan—

The essence of unkindness is the way she says, "Poor man!"

—Chicago Post.

Armistead—Rogers.

The Norfolk Dispatch of July 25th says: At Trinity Episcopal rectory last gave

Miss Ida R. Rogers, of Richmond, and Mr. Reginald L. Armistead, of this city, were united in marriage by the Rev. A. C. Thomson, rector of Trinity Church.

Mr. H. L. Brittingham attended the groom, while the bride was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Grace V. Armistead. Immediately after the ceremony, the couple repaired to the residence of the groom, No. 516 Harrison Street, where they will reside.

Rose Hill Completed.

Rose Hill, the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Buck, which has been undergoing interior and exterior renovation, has been at length completed, and is said to be one of the handsomest private residences in the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck and family will spend the remainder of the summer at "Rose Hill," where Mr. C. E. Williams, Jr., is at present a guest.

Miss Ella Buck is one of the most attractive girls amongst the younger society in Richmond, and her debut is looked forward to with no little interest.

Mrs. Gibson's Guests.

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, who is occupying her cottage at Dark Harbor, Maine, this summer for the first time, now has as her guests her father, Mr. C. D. Langhorne, and her sisters, Mrs. Moncure Perkins, and Miss Nora Langhorne.

The Maine coast is a mecca for summer tourists this year and Mrs. Gibson is said to be the most gracious and delightful hostess imaginable.

Mrs. Mason's Dinner Party.

The Newport News Times-Herald of Thursday contains the following items of interest:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Mason entertained Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Faulkner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lee and Mr. and Mrs. James W. Lee, at a dinner at Ocean View, last night.

The progressive dinner given at Colonel Phillips' beautiful country home last night, was a most delightful affair.

The dinner was given in honor of the Misses Watt, of Gloucester. Those present were Mrs. McAllister, Misses Mary, Maude, Kate and Mamie Watt, Rowena, Blanche and Angie Sinclair, Fanny Collier, Bessie Curtis, Mary Smith, Louise Farramore, Mary McMenamin, Virginia Jones, Pauline, Molly and Ida Phillips; Messrs. Jeff. Claiborne, Ashton, Jesse, Rollon, Cecil, Frank and Keith Sinclair, George and Frank Smith, Robert Watt, Slim Jones, Carl and Jefferson Phillips, Henry Collier, Jack Willie, Tom Curtis, Mr. McAllister and Dr. Sinclair.

Summer Rest.

The Board of Directors of the Summer Rest Association, which is aiding the Co-operative Workers and all friends of the best that only about half of the needed \$1,000, which they are endeavoring to raise for necessary repairs and improvements has been received and to urge them to put forth further efforts. Special attention is directed to the fact that those who took a share for this fund have only one more month in which to fill them as they will be called in September.

The board feels confident that if friends realized urgent needs they would gladly help this good work. Every dollar donated to this cause helps to give health and strength to some self-supporting woman.

Donations may be sent to Mrs. George A. Barksdale, president, Greenwood, Va., or Miss Henrietta Krake, treasurer, care Cordes and Mosby, City.

Mrs. Camden Honored.

Mrs. Camden, wife of ex-Senator Camden, of West Virginia, is visiting her

daughter, Mrs. Spillman, wife of General E. D. Spillman, at their beautiful country place at Warrenton, Va. Mrs. Spillman gave a reception there for her mother-in-law, when all the summer visitors and the country residents were guests.

Sponsors and Maids.

Major J. Ogden Murray, of Winchester, Va., has appointed Miss Roberta Pankhouser, of Shenandoah county, as maid of honor to Miss Lillian Lewis, sponsor for the Virginia Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Miss Florence E. Davidson, of Alexandria, Va., has been selected as maid of honor to Miss Susan M. Spiller, of Wytheville, Va., by the Virginia Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hawthorne and Charles Herry Hawthorne will leave Monday for Boston, Mass., where they will spend the month of August.

Miss Lillian H. Gragard, a popular New Orleans debutante, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. William P. Stovall, at the Mount Vernon, before going to the mountains of Virginia for the month of August.

Miss Ruth Gilman and Master Stewart Gilman will leave Monday to join their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gilman, and spend August in the Virginia mountains.

Miss Rosalie Pettis, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert Louis Frear, in Farmville, Va., is now making a trip through the Virginia mountains.

She will visit Peaks of Otter, Natural Bridge and Luray Cavern before her return.

Mr. Wallace Henderson is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Henderson, at Greenwood, Va.

Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw is the guest of her friend, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, at Newport, Rhode Island.

Mrs. P. T. Sutton is spending the summer with Mrs. S. H. Purcell and Mrs. M. L. McCue, of Shenandoah county.

Mrs. Virginia F. Robertson is visiting Mr. J. Robertson in Charlottesville.

Miss Mary Lawson is the guest of friends and relatives in Danville.

Mrs. S. M. Brown and little son and Mr. Howard Williams are among the Richmond people staying at Greenwood Hotel, Va.

Mr. Segar Whiting, of Hampton, gave a sailing party this week in honor of his sister, Mrs. Charles Faulkner.

Misses Margaret and Lucia Owens, who have been visiting Miss Earle McDowell, of Catonsville, Md., have returned home.

Mr. W. E. Seaton has returned from a visit to Hon. J. W. Todd, of Augusta county.

Dr. George W. Carrington is visiting Dr. H. M. Rogers, of Mt. Crawford, for a week.

Miss Mattie Treadway is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Faulkner, of Houston.

Miss Hattie Dickinson is visiting her cousin, Miss Louise Barksdale, and

her friends at the Peaks of Otter, Natural Bridge and Luray Cavern before her return.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burgess, of Oyster Bay, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rita Burgess, to W. F. Guerne, Jr., of No. 41 Fifth Avenue.

Newport.

The women who are arranging for the garden party which is to be given on August 4th for the benefit of the Tuberculosis Society to-day made assignments of tables, and the following have been chosen to preside: Lemonade table, Mrs. T. Shaw Safe and Mrs. C. L. P. Robinson; ice cream table, Miss Edith Watmore; tea table, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer; fruit table, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. The Seventh Artillery Band has volunteered its services for the occasion, and only good weather is needed to assure the success of the affair.

There were a few social occurrences in the summer colony to-day, the largest being a gray dog or his sheep. Not the first time he's downed ye, I'm thinkin'!

The little man raised himself painfully to his elbow and crawled toward the gate. The Master, up the lane, could hear him cursing as he dragged himself. Another moment, and a head was poked through the bars of the gate, and a devilish little face looked after him.

"Downed me, by — he did!" the little man cried passionately. "I owed ye balth somethin' before this, and now, by — I owe ye somethin' more. An' mind ye, Adam M'Adam pays his debts!"

"I've heard the contrary," the Master replied dryly, and turned away up the lane toward the Marches.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SHOT IN THE NIGHT.

It was only three short weeks before Cup Day that one afternoon Jim Mason brought a letter to Kenmuir. James Moore opened it as the postman still stood in the door.

It was from Long Kirby—still in retirement begging him for mercy's sake to keep Owd Bob safe within doors at night; at all events till after the great event was over. For Kirby knew, as did every Dalesman, that the old dog slept in the porch, between the two doors of the house, of which the outer was only loosely closed by a chain, so that the outer watchful guard might slip in and out, and go his rounds at any moment of the night.

This was how the smith concluded his ill-spelt note: "Look out for M'Adam! I tell you I know he'll try to throw in a fore cup day—fallin' in ye."

M'Adam's ruined man! I say so for the luv o' God keep yer eyes wide!"

The Master read the letter, and handed it to the postman, who pursued it carefully.

"I tell ye what," said Jim at length, speaking with all earnestness that made the other stare. "I wish ye'd do what he asks ye; keep Th' Owd Un in o' nights. I mean, just for the present."

The Master shook his head and laughed, tearing the letter to pieces.

"Nay," said he, "M'Adam or no M'Adam, Cup or no Cup, Th' Owd Un has the run o' ma lane same as he's had since a puppy. Why Jim, the first night I shut him up that night the Kither comes, I'll lay."

The postman turned wearily away, and the Master stood looking after him, wondering what had come of late to his former cheery friend.

At M'Adam's yell, James Moore had turned.

"Served ye properly!" he called back. "He'll jarn ye yet it's not wise to tamper

with a gray dog or his sheep. Not the first time he's downed ye, I'm thinkin'!

The little man raised himself painfully to his elbow and crawled toward the gate. The Master, up the lane, could hear him cursing as he dragged himself. Another moment, and a head was poked through the bars of the gate, and a devilish little face looked after him.

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